WINTER WALK
by Andrew “Change” Huang

I scream out your name from the Eiffel Tower,
hoping my voice can reach out to you.
I come back to Paris each year to do that.
Afterward, I take a short stroll down
the same street,
the same alleyway,
the same route,
that we had walked last time
we were here on vacation.
I hope to run into you by chance.
But during the walk,
I can't help to wonder:
How much the scenery has changed?
How many years has Paris aged?
How many seasons has passed her by?
Does she even know that it is winter right now,
waiting for spring?
I find it kind of ironic how
I can see you everyday in my dream,
but can only meet you once a year
when I pass by your grave,
while wandering up and down these streets.